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A NORMANDY GIRL.—AFTER G. H. BOUGHTON, N. A.

tract from an unpublished poem by Mr. Alfred B. Street—himself an enthusiastic lover of this region, and, moreover, "native, and to the manner born"—some word-pictures of Catskill scenery whose truth will be easily recognized. The road followed by the poet and the points named will be easily recalled to memory.

On went the road ; on either side the birch  
Shone in white satin, and the spotted beech  
Leaned in an arbor. Sweet the cooling shade,  
Freckled with sunshine where, below, the grass  
Twinkled in glancing silver to the sun,  
Like rippling water. Far and wide the scene  
Gleamed in soft beauty. Roads twined grayly here,  
There villas sparkled, and red homesteads stood  
In leafy lanes. The laborer strode with scythe  
Curved on his shoulder ; sweet the sunshine played  
On grassy meadows and on furrowed fields,  
And balmy breezes crept along the air.

On, still, the road ; before us towered the grand,  
Green battlement of mountains, from which now  
The fairy tints of distance late so sweet  
Had melted. Up the sloping track. Ravines  
Tinkled with bells of brooks, here, screened from sight  
By overtwining branches flashing, there,  
Like eyes from ambush. The live mountain air  
Made the blood bound and glowed about the heart,  
Nerving the frame to vigor. Hark, that soft  
And dreamy hum wafting the soul afar  
To regions of dim mystery, the voice  
Of the grand minstrel pine that wrathful speaks  
In thunders, and in quiet moments sings  
With melody that tells of other days  
And hearts long gone to heaven. Oh, minstrel pine,  
David among the singers ! mountain lyre !  
Voice of the crag ! deep organ of the gorge !  
Soft floats thy music when the west wind breathes ;  
Golden thy answer to the south wind's sigh ;  
Dreary thy grieving as the east wind moans ;  
But to the north wind's sweep thy shout rings forth  
Hoarse challenge to the battle ; and thy scream  
Doth ring as the fierce eagle's when the cloud  
Doth send its thunder. Truly art thou king,  
O pine ! king of the mighty wilderness !  
Still soar the mountains ; yawn the wild ravines,  
Gurgling and flashing where white waters flit,  
And bent-down boughs dance deftly in dark shades.  
Up still the road. Behold that rocky mass  
Smiting the dainty blue, the Profile Rock,  
Home of the Mountain Witch, who forges rain  
And sunshine, and who chains the furious blast,  
Lion like, to her side, or lets it loose.  
Mark yon quick flash amid the leafy rocks  
Where bounds the Cauterskill in scattered spray  
Down its wild path, the Fawn's Leap, where the stream  
Springs pale with terror through the dungeon gloom !  
But upward still ; and now the height is reached  
The table-land expands, when back we glance  
Down where the Clove, through whose dark throat we came.  
Blackens upon the downy sky a stream  
Of thundercloud ; the eager, rapid wheel  
Whirrs o'er the smooth, hard level ; on the left  
The Sunset Rock, with Bear Track white below,  
And peaks beyond the Clove, and waves of woods  
And glitterings of the Falls.

The falls alluded to are known as Haines Falls. We give one more extract, fitly describing a leaping, bubbling brook, such as our artist has drawn :

But linger not !—on to the Laurel House !  
We pass the twin lakes linked by one stream,  
Like the dear tie between two loving hearts,  
One black as the horse-chestnut's winter bud,  
With its dark rim of flame-scorched trees, and one  
Sheeny, like the soft curl of velvet gold  
That the witch-hazel, like the Christmas rose  
Of England, hangs amongst the silver locks  
Of Winter. From the lower, lovelier lake,  
Outsteps the stream and joins hands with the streak,  
The runlet, that the North Peak sends from out  
His gorges. Here the Maiden's Glen is seen,  
And here the Enchanting Vale. The lake's bright brook  
Trips witching on, then curves with headlong leap  
The North Peak, bride clasped loving to its heart,  
Over the edge of rock whose dizzy scoop  
Shapes the grand, naked amphitheatre  
Sweeping around ; a mass of shattered foam  
Shoots down and splinters on the ledgy floor.  
What awful grandeur in that hollowed front,  
That stern, wild amphitheatre ! the gaze  
Recoils and pities the soft stream that falls  
So far, it swoons to drops before it finds  
Rest ; yet no rest ; for, urged by the fierce life

Wakened within, it tumbles to its leap  
Beyond. We follow down the twisting stream,  
Gripping the rock with foamy fangs ; with boil  
And frothy haste, and eddying round in still  
Deep basins, where the trout its level dart  
Poises, and the rich sunfish lifts its hooped,  
Stiff, saw-like back, and gapes the pearly perch,  
Knobbing the lymph to bubbling jewelry.  
Born of the damp the moss plumps all around,  
In men's-nest spots, in crimson tufts and scales  
Of diamond lichien. The black water logs  
Are lapped in lilies ; the streaked, glossy stones  
Gleam in the isinglass of water filmed  
Over their beaded beds where smoothly slips  
The molten silver in round, dulcet tones ;  
And thus it journeys onward to the Clove  
To leap in lightning, tear in thunder, dash  
And flash and jangle, tinkle, tumble, whirl,  
Dimple and twist through depths of rocky shade,  
Until the Hudson clasps her to his heart.

#### A NORMANDY GIRL.

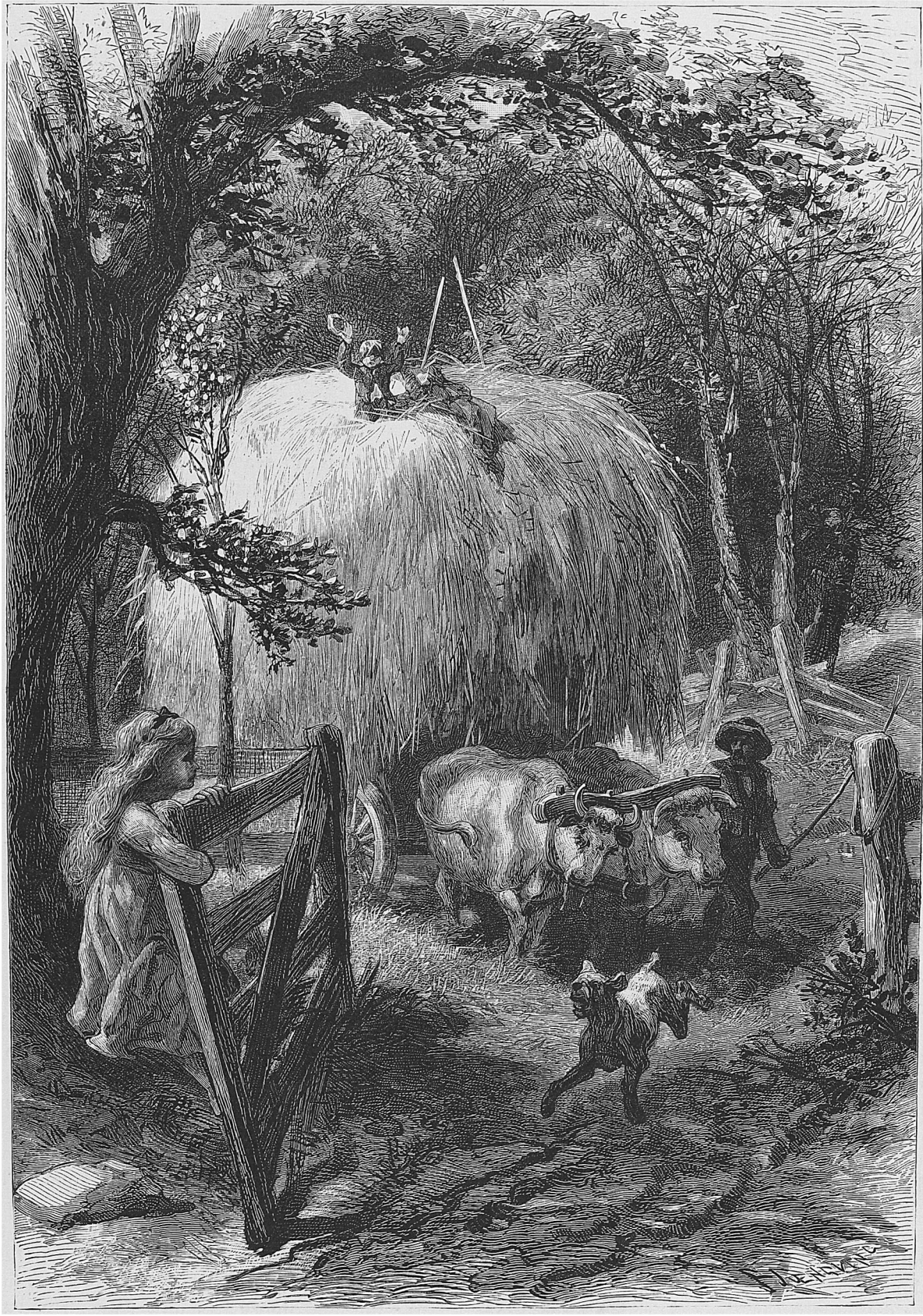
IN presenting to our readers for the first time an engraving from a picture by Mr. G. H. Boughton, we are introducing to them an American artist who has had the fortune to not only please the critics, both foreign and native, but also to suit the taste of American buyers of pictures to such an extent that his works are bought up and brought here almost before foreign critics have had time to fairly consider their merits. The one we have chosen to engrave is owned by Mr. Robert L. Stuart, of New York, and was exhibited at the Philadelphia Exposition along with "The Pilgrims' Sunday Morning," the property of the same gentleman. Among other of his pictures owned in and about New York we may mention "By the Sea," in the collection of Mr. William T. Richards ; "Going to seek his Fortune," the property of Mr. George Whitney ; "The Gypsy's Reverie," owned by Mr. W. L. Andrews ; "Wouter van Twiller's First Court" (described in THE ALDINE's London correspondence at the time it was painted), owned by Mr. John H. Sherwood ; "Summer of Life," "Winter of Life," and "Spring Time," the property of Mr. Morris K. Jessup ; "Hester Prynne," which attracted so much attention at the Centennial Loan Exhibition at the Academy of Design, and which belonged to and was sold with the collection of Mr. R. M. Olyphant, as were also "Bashful, yet Fond," and "Repose ;" "Blowing the Fire," owned by Mr. H. G. Marquand ; "Sunday Services of Puritans," the property of Mr. Philip van Volkenburg ; "Gypsy," "Summer," "Winter," "The Bouquet," and "New Year's Day in New Amsterdam" (also described in THE ALDINE), all in the recently exhibited collection of Mr. Marshall O. Roberts. Besides these, which have all been publicly exhibited here, there were sold with the John Taylor Johnston collection, "The Outcast," for \$1,005 ; "Moonlight Skating Scene," \$660 ; "Christmas in England," \$1,025.

Mr. Boughton is, as we have said, an American artist, although he was born in Norfolk, England, in 1836. He was brought to this country, however, when not four years of age, his parents settling in Albany, where he passed his youth. He early developed a taste for drawing and painting, and, after producing a few pieces which found a ready sale, he went to London, where he spent a few months in study, and returned to this country, establishing himself in New York, and devoting himself to landscape painting. His pictures at this period, however, show a tendency toward *genre* painting, and in 1859 he visited Paris in order to perfect himself in the painting of figures. In 1861 he opened a studio in London, and has resided there most of the time since, regularly contributing to the Royal Academy Exhibition, and nearly as regularly to our own exhibitions, having been elected to the National Academy in 1871.

Mr. Boughton's pictures show decided changes of style, and in so doing indicate very clearly the changes of taste through which he has gone, and with equal clearness the conscientiousness of his study and of his work. As we have said, he was, in the earlier part of his career, a landscape painter ; but, as it now seems, he has very wisely directed his attention to figures and to *genre* pieces, though often introducing landscape as an adjunct. His residence in France gave him, along with the firmness and accuracy of drawing characteristic of the French school, a certain predilection for French subjects which seemed for a time to control

his pencil, and which has been—as we think, unjustly—objected to by some of his critics. It also made him familiar with French costumes and customs, a fact by which he has profited in his subsequent career, as is instanced in the painting which we copy, which is not only a careful study of the Normandy peasant costume, but is, to our mind, a more thoroughly natural and in many respects more pleasing picture than some of his later works which have perhaps attracted more attention. Certainly nothing in the way of *genre* painting could be better conceived, and few things

ter van Twiller's First Court," and others. He has, in the "Hester Prynne" and several other of the pictures painted during his residence in England, shown a decided tendency toward the prerafaelite school, in so far as regards the landscapes and other accessories of his works, and has also adopted what might be called a mannerism in his female figures so decided as to be apparent to the most casual observer. We allude particularly to the introduction of the woman in the high waist and long, closely clinging skirts of a long by-gone time, who has irreverently been



HAYING.—D. J. STEEPLE.

better executed, than the whole pose and expression of the girl, with her perplexed countenance and her shrinking attitude. Nor are the surroundings less exactly suited to the subject. It would have been easy enough to have expanded the doorway in which the maiden halts into a whole façade, and we might have been given the whole of a rain-splashed street; but the artist has wisely restricted himself to the elaboration of the figure, and has consequently given us a most charming study of a single figure which is excelled by few of his later productions.

Mr. Boughton has exhibited specimens of an entirely different style of work from that which characterizes the picture which we copy and some of the others we have mentioned as coming from his easel, such as the "New Year's in New Amsterdam," "Wou-

called "Boughton's long-legged woman," and who reminds one irresistibly, by a queer mental process, of some of Charles Reade's heroines. We do not impute this altogether as a fault to the artist any more than to the novelist, however much one may be inclined sometimes to weary at the repetition, either on canvas or in print, of a single type. It is a noble type, and one worthy of due recognition and of careful study, and becomes monotonous only when one is called to contemplate it too often and in too close succession. Mr. Boughton's "Hester Prynne," for instance, is the same noble, self-contained, reticent woman whom Hawthorne drew, and one instinctively recognizes and respects her as much in the picture as in the novel; and so with Mr. Reade's heroine, the tall, nobly formed, gracious, womanly and queenly

woman who marches through his pages—yet one scarcely wants to gaze upon a procession of such women. Hawthorne depicted her but once; Mr. Boughton has seemed inclined, like Mr. Reade, to repeat her indefinitely.

It has been said of Mr. Boughton's works, too, that they do not seem so much "to have been painted, but to have slowly brightened through a tender mist, and to have just stopped short of attaining complete distinctness," and there is much truth in this characterization of some of his pictures which have been objected to on the ground that they were too elusive, that the mist had not sufficiently cleared away from them, and that they were too pale and dim. To a certain extent this criticism may be true and just, though it does not apply to the work we copy; but it has undoubtedly a certain charm, and can not be cited as a grave defect when, as in the case of Mr. Boughton, it is not adopted to hide defects or feebleness of drawing or conception.

#### HAPPY DAYS.

MR. CHARLES CHAPLIN, one of whose pictures we engrave for the present number of *THE ALDINE*, is no stranger to our readers, and those who recall his "Broken Lyre," heretofore published in our pages, will have no difficulty in recognizing the same hand in the present picture, different as the subjects are. The former represented, it will be remembered, a young girl seated or reclining on a bank; her hands interlocked upon her lap; her dress, the gauzy drapery of summer, nearly torn from her body by the storm which, as the fiercely lowering sky shows, has just sprung up around her; beside her lies her lyre with broken strings; Love hides his tearful face in her garments, and the butterfly, emblem of the soul, lingers uncertain whether to leave her or to remain until the storm shall have passed. The whole idea is that of the precious first love of a guileless maiden which has been won and then cast away by some careless or unprincipled adventurer seeking only to amuse himself for a season, reckless of the suffering his actions may cause. The picture before us has a totally different explanation. It shows us the happy mother folding in her arms her infant, who is, in turn, even more happy in its childish play, thus forcibly illustrating the popular notion that the days of childhood are at once the most innocent and the most happy of our lives, a doctrine to which we were never able fully to subscribe. Childish troubles seem light to us; but so do ours in most cases to children. A certain French princess is reported to have said, when the first mutterings of the revolution were heard in the popular clamor for bread, that she wondered "why the people should make such an outcry about wanting bread, when they could buy such beautiful cakes for a mere trifle at the confectioner's." And, by a parity of reasoning, we are always inclined to wonder why children should be so disturbed about matters of such trivial moment, when we know of such greater perplexities which await them.

We have said that in the two pictures referred to it is easy to trace the same hand, and we think no one looking at them will doubt our judgment. In the first place, there is such likeness between the chief figures that one could fancy, without any great stretch of imagination, that the matron in the later picture was only the girl of the former arrived at a more advanced age and crowned with the honors of maternity. To be sure, the one is more blonde and the other more brunette; but there is, so to speak, such a similar dissimilarity in their attitudes, expressions, forms, and even their dress—or want of it—that we forget any mere differences of complexion. The child in the second picture, too, might very well be taken for the Cupid of the first, minus his wings and in a changed position. There is also an identity in handling, in the peculiar character of the background, and notably in drawing, which we do not think one of Mr. Chaplin's strongest points. He is very fond of putting as little drapery as possible upon his figures; he "addicts himself," to use a French phrase, chiefly to the figures of women and children, and so secures the fullest scope for the exhibition of skill in drawing and knowledge of anatomy; but it seems to us that in these particulars his zeal sometimes outruns his knowledge or his capacity for execution. There are faults in the drawing of each of these features in both the pictures mentioned which could scarcely escape the notice of any careful observer, and yet they are both admirable pictures.

Where, then, it may be asked, are we to look for the source of his undoubted popularity? To which we may reply by pointing to the picture before us, and demanding where can be found more feeling, or a more vivid expression of maternal love and protection and of childish glee? It is this life, this soul, which, infused in all his work, has given Chaplin his place among artists, and has insured his success in spite of any minor defects in drawing or coloring—defects which may in a measure be traced to the example of his master Dröling, whose influence may be traced in his work, although he is far from being a mere copyist or imitator.

Among Mr. Chaplin's pictures brought to this country we may remind our readers of his "Preparing for the Bath," the property of Mr. Charles Stewart Smith, of New York, which was exhibited in the Centennial Loan Exhibition at the Academy of Design, and "Prayer," a small six by four inches picture which was sold in Mr. John Taylor Johnston's collection, bringing \$390, a very good sum, considering that it was sold early in the evening, before bidders had "warmed up" to their work. Mr. Chaplin deservedly has his admirers, and has equally deservedly won the great honors of his profession. He has been thrice medaled in the Paris Salon, the last time in 1865, in which year he also received the ribbon of the Legion of Honor; and he certainly deserves these honors better than many to whom they have been awarded.

#### HAYING.

THERE is no season of the year more thoroughly charming than the month of June, in which occurs most of the hay-making, or "haying," as it is colloquially called, a common scene in which operation forms the subject of Mr. Steeple's picture. May is, as a rule, a treacherous month, especially in its earlier days, and July is too hot; but June comes between with warm, genial days, clear blue skies, and gentle breezes laden with the indefinite odors borne from the forest, meadow and hillside, when the thousand flowers of summer are opened to the sun, when the bee is gathering the fragrant material for his winter store, and when all the work of the vegetable world is in its highest state of activity stimulating the animal kingdom, including man, to equal displays of energy. It is then that such scenes as the one depicted in the engraving are to be met with along all the by-roads in the country, although, alas! the ruthless inventor, with his constantly increasing number of labor-saving machines, is fast taking from the process of hay-making all its poetry. Time was, when the grass being pronounced fit to cut, there was din of preparation in the great barn. Scythes were taken down from the long pegs whereon they had hung since the last season; the curiously twisted snaths were examined to see that every screw and ring was in place; favorite whetstones were brought from cunning hiding-places; grindstones slowly and creakingly revolved, and small boys sweated with much grumbling in turning them, while the long, curved blades grew bright and sharp with the friction; and finally, on the eventful morning, the farmer headed a procession of stalwart mowers, each carrying in orthodox style the weapon which was presently to go slithering through the grass with that peculiar, pleasant hissing sound which the mower himself was often compelled to imitate with his lips in a sibilant accompaniment. Then came the turning of the long swaths, the raking into winrows, the cocking, and then the taking home which our artist has depicted. There was fun and romance in all this; but machinery has now transformed the whole affair to a mere matter-of-fact operation of cutting down, curing, and getting to the barn of a certain amount of grass in a given time. It is hardly fair to call it hay-making now. And we blame the horse-rake as the cause of all this loss of poetry. So long as hay was raked by hand, and especially by the hands of women and girls, there was always the possibility of an idyl in every meadow; but the horse-rake drove Maud Muller out of the field, and it was not in nature that man should not then invent some machine which would enable him to get through his work more quickly, and so get back the sooner to the vicinity of the house whither Maud had preceded him. So the good old scythe was hung up in the apple-tree for the last time; even the pitchfork has been made to go by horse-power, and the glory of "haying" has departed. We shall not at all wonder, indeed, to see old Father Time depicted in the spelling-book, for the benefit of the rising generation, as driving